

ANARCHIST POEM: by Alexander Baron

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He is the master criminal,
To all good men inimical,
Untrusting, sly and cynical,
He never sleeps nor rests.

He spies on everyone he meets,
And double crosses those he greets
With open arms, of all deceits,
His is by far the best.

He's con-man, shylock, thug and crook,
Yet he plays ever by the book,
You think not? Take another look,
And...would you ever tell?

True, there are those who could reply:
He stole this, did that, told a lie...
They seldom do, for by and by
He pays his lackeys well.

He robs the rich, and robs the poor,
And each year steals a little more,
But don't go running to the Law,
They'll give you no protection.

Nor will the Army, for you see,
They thrive on his chicanery,
Their patriotic treachery's
All part of his deception.

He kidnaps, murders people too,
But there is nothing we can do;
If he decides to pick on you
Then that'll be your end.

You'll find no justice in the courts,
For like the forces, they've been bought
Long time, there'll be no last resort
On which you can depend.

Yes, to all good men he's a bane,
But there's no sign he's on the wane,
In fact, most like he'll soon again
Increase and concentrate

His power several hundredfold,
Until he gets a stranglehold,
And everything on Earth's controlled
Most strictly: by the State.